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DECISION DAY

By Amy Camus

[This is a sequel to the recent novelet titled "School for Transvestites" which recounted the adventures of a young TV who attends a posh finishing school for girls during his fourteenth summer and the subsequent school year. As the story picks up, our hero/heroine is eighteen years old and fresh out of high school.]

The day of decision was upon me. I had just passed my eighteenth birthday. Graduation from high school was now accomplished. And I now had been accepted by two colleges — one a very famous Ivy League university and the other an equally famous woman's college on the East Coast.

The sophomore, junior, and senior years of high school I had spent in my male role — as Robert Middleton — after a very pleasant year in a girl's school as Roberta. During the years since I attended the finishing school, I dressed up on many occasions, although by no means every free moment. I pursued the male side of my life to the extent of starring in track and tennis, sports where a burly physique were not needed. I also had a number of girl friends, most of whom knew nothing about my life as Roberta or my fondness for feminine frocks and frills.

Now I had to decide which direction my life was going to take — to spend my college career as a male or to live it as a girl, which would permit full-time exposure to my beloved lingerie, stockings, miniskirts, and dresses.

A complicating factor in my decision as well as my college plans was that I was now eligible for the draft and would soon have to register, endure the physical with its merciless peering and probing, and perhaps submit to induction into the service.

Philosophically, I am opposed to all wars, especially the current one in Indochina which is so counter to our national interest as well as that of the Vietnamese victims on both sides of the DMZ who were dying by the thousands from our military intervention.

Aside from that, I knew that I would make a rotten soldier and might likely get into a lot of mental trouble if I were not able to dress now and then in my feminine finery. And if I were to dress while in the clutches of the service, exposure could mean a dishonorable discharge.

Clearly, I had to find some way of avoiding the draft, short of hightailing it to Canada or taking a student deferment (which would mean that I would be drafted for sure after it expired). I racked my brain for several days mulling over the alternatives.

Suddenly the most obvious solution to my dilemma dawned on me. I would simply present myself to the selective service induction center in my feminine role and dressed in my sexiest female attire! Persons who are transvestites are not draftable under present regulations, but claiming to be a transvestite is not enough. Proof is required. What better proof would they need?

I discussed the matter with Mother and Dad, who knew of and accepted my TV desires — and who were as antiwar and antidraft as I. Dad agreed to drive me to the induction center on the appointed date and to back me up with legal aid from the family lawyer if such was needed. [As I revealed in my first book, "School for Transvestites," it turned out that Dad himself was a TV but had not yet at this time revealed that fact to me, not wanting to complicate my own involvement with cross-dressing.]

A few days before I was due to register for the draft, I went to our family doctor — who also knew of my TV activities — and secured a letter from him to the effect that I was a compulsive transvestite and therefore ineligible for induction into the armed services. He had known about my cross-dressing since I first had come to him with my mild case of gynecomastia which had caused my breasts to grow to girlish proportions. The condition still existed; since I had found it so helpful to my TV escapades, I hadn't wanted it treated, in spite of

the nuisance of having to conceal those girlish breasts during participation in track and tennis activities.

By this time in my life, the only part of me that had really developed was the bosom. I was only five feet five inches in height and weighed in at 125 pounds. My beard was still in the fuzz stage, easily covered by a thin film of makeup. I had hardly any body hair. My legs were girlish enough to pass any inspection.

Had I not known better, I would have concluded that providence intended me to be a girl. But the fact that my male sex drive was not underdeveloped and was directed exclusively toward the female sex convinced me that nature had not made a mistake, that I was not a girl trapped inside a male body, that I would never seek any kind of sex reassignment surgery.

In short, I didn't want to change my sex; I just wanted to change clothes now and then.

*

The morning I was supposed to go in and register for the draft finally came. I got up very early and started to prepare myself for the great adventure which lay ahead. Everything had to be perfect if I were to carry off my antidraft coup to my own satisfaction. It would not do to present myself to the merciless stare

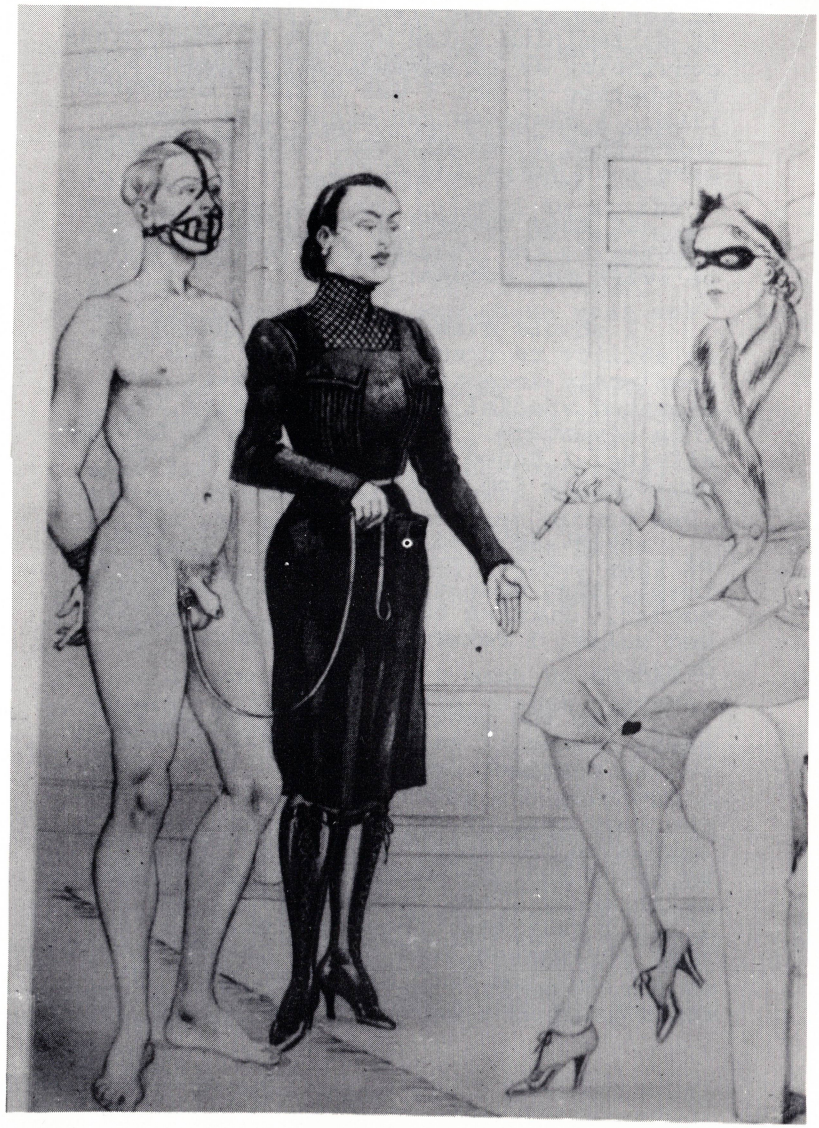
of the local selective service officials if my feminine guise was not so completely convincing as to prevent any arguments as to whether or not I was truly a transvestite. A slapdash job might make them think that I had hit upon this nutty idea merely to dodge the draft.

If they thought I was faking it, my journey to the jungles of Vietnam might be swift and sudden!

I should also add that my pride in my ability to transform myself into a completely acceptable-looking girl also dictated special care in preparing for this adventure. Underneath all my rationalizing, I hoped my feminine good looks would knock 'em dead!

After bathing in a delicately scented tub, I dried myself with a fluffy pink towel, then dusted my body with perfumed powder. Putting on my white lace negligee and mules, I returned to my bedroom to dress.

From the perfumed depths of my lingerie drawer, I selected a pair of lemon-yellow panties, dripping with lace, and a matching bra which was designed to make the very most of my girlish bosom and to emphasize the natural cleavage which was my pride and joy when dressed *á la femme*. As often as I had donned panties and bra, I still felt that familiar thrill of superb excitement as I pulled the panties up my legs and into place and then adjusted the bra around my chest.



Reaching around behind me in a now-familiar motion, I snapped the straps together to their maximum tightness, for that helped make my breasts stand out even more than usual. The pressure of the bra also helped make the outline of my small erect nipples more prominent against whatever flimsy covering they might eventually have.

Then I selected a wispy garterbelt from my lingerie drawer and fastened it around my waist, lowering the panties a few inches to accommodate the garment, slipping the yellow-ribboned suspenders down inside the panties and out through the lace-timmed edges of the leg opening.

Readjusting the panties around my slim waist to cover the garterbelt top, I took a pair of sheer flesh-toned nylon stockings, extra long so that I could wear them with my best minidress, and rolled them up my waist.

As usual, the touch of sheer nylon gossamer against my legs, combined with the fragile rustle of lace panties made my masculine symbol rampant with passion and I finally decided that I would have to tuck it under the flimsy restraint of the garterbelt in order to keep myself in an apparent state of modesty.

Then I turned my attention to the suspender tabs now dangling loosely about my legs. I carefully attached them to the sheer stockings, making completely sure that there were no ripples or wrinkles to mar the smooth beauty of my legs.

The fact that these legs had helped carry me to tennis championships and were capable of running the 100-yard-dash in a matter of nine and eight-tenths seconds only increased the allure of sheathing them in sleek silky nylon stockings. In spite of the athletic endeavors I had exposed them to, they were not overly muscled and were quite capable of being mistaken for a girl's legs. Which is all I really asked of them.

Now it was time to put on my shoes. I went to my closet shoe rack and decided upon a pair of medium-heeled pumps that I knew would emphasize my good legs and my carefully cultivated feminine walk — not too swishy, mind you, but with just the proper amount of pelvis movement.

After slipping the shoes on, I went to the vanity table and sat down. First came a light application of foundation cream to prepare my face for the makeup which was to follow. Once the moisturizing cream was completely massaged in, I covered it with a thin application of skin toning cream, using a Q-tip to work it in close to my eyes and nose and other spots difficult to reach.

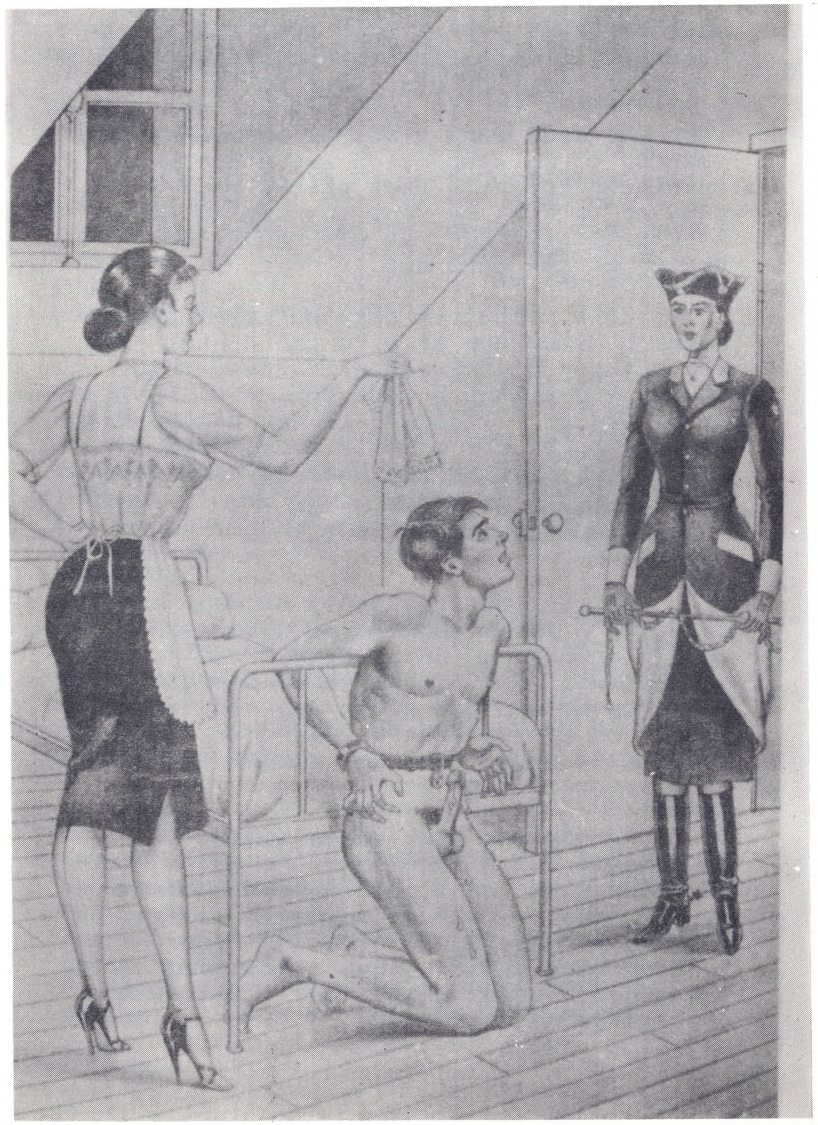
Then came eyebrow pencil and eyeliner, the latter carefully outlining my eyes so as to make the most of them. After this came lash-lengthening mascara which emphasized my already long lashes so that I did not need false ones, which have a distressing habit of falling off in moments of stress or strain.

A very light dusting with powder followed to produce a matte finish to my makeup job, then I turned my attention to my lips. I carefully outlined them with a sharp brush, then filled in the outline with a slightly larger brush. I had selected a faded pink color which would match my nail polish, once that had been applied.

But before the nail polish, I combed out my naturally blonde hair which I was in the habit of wearing quite long. I pulled it back into a cute pony tail after giving it the traditional hundred strokes with the hairbrush.

Now I was ready to pu on the rest of my clothes. Selecting a lace-trimmed white minislip which was hardly more than a chemise, I allowed it to slither over my slim body until it fell into place, the hem just a few inches below my hips. The layers of frilly lace rustled enticingly around my stocking tops, and my male symbol tensioned frantically in its response to the sensations caused by the wispy garment.

Now came a white pleated minidress which had been fashioned out of a soft cotton jersey. The pleats of the skirt fell to just a half-inch lower than the ruffled and lacy hem of the minislip, and most any movement at all would reveal my lovely lingerie for all to see, which, of course, was the general idea. I'm afraid I was a bit of an exhibitionist, but my feeling was "if you've got it, you should flaunt it," as the ad says.



Around the low-slung waist of the minidress was a pink sash belt which was designed to emphasize the slimness of my waist and make my hips seem fuller. I tied it in a bow in front, then stood before the full-length mirror to admire the results of my labors. I was not overly surprised to see a very pretty girl peering back at me from the depths of the looking glass. (No, it was not Alice trying to get back out.)

In a momentary orgy of narcissism, I turned from one side to the other, pirouetting and curtseying prettily at my image, and making a very immodest display of my undies. Finally, it was almost too much to bear, for my male symbol was almost bursting with its pent-up sensations, so I reluctantly turned away from my self-admiration and went to the vanity table once more.

There I touched up my makeup, eradicating a shiny spot on my nose with a smidge of powder, and selected the jewelry I'd wear — a simple charm bracelet which my mother had given me, a single strand of tiny pearls around the neck, and simple pearl earrings which attached to my pierced earlobes.

Now it was time to go downstairs to breakfast. I experienced a little bit of stagefright as I contemplated making my entrance to the dining room, knowing that my parents would be expecting me to look my very best. A quick glance in the mirror reassured me that I'd done my best transformation ever.

When I entered the dining room, a round of applause greeted me. My mother, my father, our cook Martha, and my girlfriend Jennie had all gathered to wish me well on my adventure into the darkest reaches of warmongerland — i.e., the selective service commission. All of them, of course, knew of and accepted my cross-dressing and had done so for many years. Jennie had even been my roommate when we attended the school for girls during my fourteenth year, and Martha had been our cook for many many years.

Breakfast finished, Dad and I prepared to leave for the induction center. and everyone wished me the best of luck. Mother was having a hard time keeping from crying, for she knew it was possible that I might be arrested for masquerading if the people at the selective service were mean enough to make an issue of how I was dressed.

Both Dad and I doubted that that would happen, for there are limits on even bureaucratic spitefulness. But to make sure nothing like that would take place, our family lawyer would be with us at the induction center.

In spite of her worries, Mother agreed that this was the only way to make my point — that I was a transvestite and not psychologically adaptable to military service. They couldn't very well argue effectively against a proven fact — one proved before their very eyes. I was confident that my realistic and acceptable appearance as a female would prove my case completely.

On our way to the center, we stopped to pick up John Showalter, our lawyer, who had never before seen me dressed up in feminine clothes, even though he was familiar with the facts in my case (and probably knew that Dad was also a TV, although he never let on to me about that).

"My God," he exclaimed, "I had no idea that Bobbie looked so ... so real as a girl!"

"Thank you," I said, searching his face for any hint of falsity or flattery. Lawyers don't always say what they mean, I knew, and I hated being patronized, if that was the case. But it wasn't. He was genuinely surprised and complimentary.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I had been dreading this moment. I had some idea that he would look grotesque or horribly effeminate or something, but I was wrong. I don't have to be embarrassed at being seen in public with you, Bobbie .... Please forgive my doubts now that they have been completely put to rest."

"Of course," I replied. "You had no way of knowing. And I appreciate the compliment."

Finally, we pulled up in front of the induction center. As luck would have it, there was a line of young men outside waiting to be called in for their physicals. They were apparently in a later stage of the induction process than I,

for I was there merely to register and to receive whatever preliminary classification I was entitled to. I hoped, of course, by appearing before the officials á la femme to be permanently classified 4-F and have the whole nasty business over and done with.

As I got out of my father's car, was chagrined to hear wolf whistles from the line of cannon fodder in front of the center. Of course, there was no way to get out of the car without showing a generous expanse of leg and thigh and lingerie as well, but I was not at all flattered by the idiots' reaction, for I knew that if they knew my true gender the whistles would be howls of derision. I glared at them and went on into the center on my father's arm with John Showalter flanking me.

Once inside, I went to the receptionist's desk and presented myself. "I've come to register for the draft," I said in my male voice.

The receptionist, herself a rather nifty looking girl, did a double take, then chose not to believe the evidence of her ears. "What did you say, Miss?" she inquired, her eyes somewhat wide.

I lowered my voice a half octave. "I said that I've come to register for the draft." I placed the letter from the selective service board on her desk. "This letter says I must register here."

"But ... but that's impossible," she

said. "This must be some kind of a joke." She eyed me very closely to see if I were putting her on.

"It's no joke, believe me," I replied. "I received this letter a week ago. As you see, it orders me to report here to register for the draft today. Here I am."

"But it says here that Robert Middleton is ordered to report for registration," the girl pointed out.

"I am Robert Middleton," I answered, my voice as masculine as possible.

This contretemps might have gone on for another hour had not my lawyer interrupted at this point. "I am Mr. Middleton's lawyer," he said, indicating me. "I wish to point out that he is a transvestite — a male who prefers to wear the attire of a woman — and that he has presented himself legally for registration for the draft."

"But if he is a man, why did he present himself in this attire?" the receptionist inquired. "Why didn't he come in normal male clothing?" She seemed a little dazed by this turn of events, but the tone of her voice was not hostile.

"Simply because he wishes to make it known to the selective service board that he <u>is</u> a transvestite and, as such, is not psychologically eligible for service in the armed forces." John Showalter handed her the letter from our family doctor to corroborate what he had said.

"I see," the receptionist replied as she finished scanning the letter. She looked up at me, smiling. Her smile was friendly rather than derisive or mocking. "He certainly makes up to be a very good-looking girl," she said, finally.

"Thank you," I said, blushing a bit. "You do too."

"I hate to break up this mutual admiration society meeting," said my lawyer, "but isn't it now necessary to inform your superior of my client's presence and desire to register for the draft?"

"Yes, of course," the receptionist replied, pushing a button on the intercom on her desk. Then she spoke into the little box: "Mr. Soames, there's a young ... gentleman ... out here who wants to register for selective service. He claims to be a transvestite."

"Oh, God! Not another one!" a weary voice came out of the intercom. "That's the third one this week!"

"Yes, but this one's different," she replied. "You better come out here and see for yourself. He's got proof."

A few moments elapsed, and then a beefy man of about forty-five appeared at the doorway to an office cubicle in the area behind the reception desk. He looked as if he'd just woken up with a hangover. He approached the desk, looking about for a victim to castigate.

"Well," he demanded of the hapless receptionist, "where is he?" He looked past me, apparently expecting to see some pitiful half-man/half-woman mincing about in makeup and dandyish male clothes.

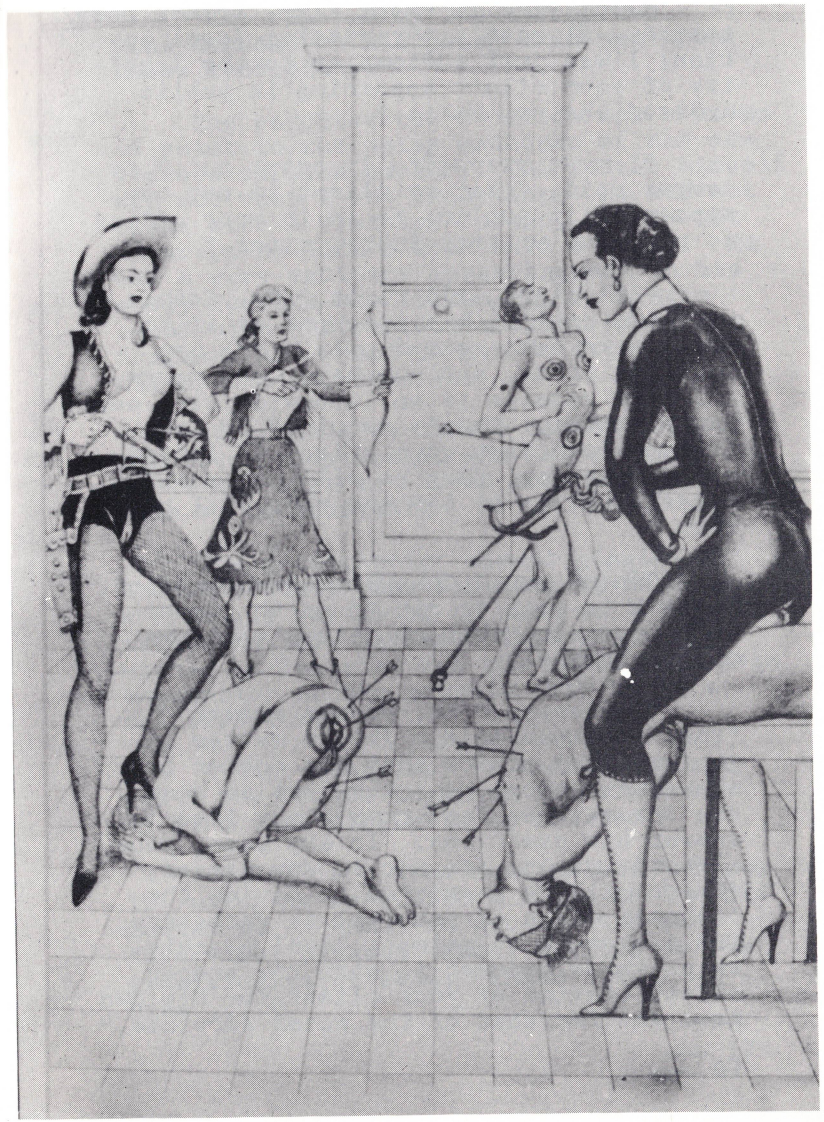
"He is me," I said, savoring the rhyme over good grammar, "or rather I should say 'He is I.'"

"Well, I'm damned," Mr. Soames said, scratching his balding head and scrutinizing me from my coiffure to my high heels. "This is the first transvestite who's had the sheer gall to come in here dressed as a girl."

"It's not a matter of gall," I said, a bit testily. "It's a matter of proof — and commitment to my way of life."

"I'm not sure what law you are breaking," he said, "but there must be something illegal about what you're doing." His tone was more of inquiry than threat, but John Showalter wasn't going to take any chances.

"My client is completely within the law. There is a state law about masquerading which is presently being removed from the criminal codes. In any event, my client is <u>not</u> masquerading. He came here and presented himself to you legally as a male, no matter which way he is dressed. Moreover, he is here at your invitation not his own whim or desire. And the letter you yourself signed requested that if he had any reason for believing himself not eligible for the armed forces, he should bring proof of it. That he has done!"



"Don't get me wrong," Mr. Soames protested. "I wasn't threatening legal action; I was just curious as to the legality of your client appearing in public dressed the way he is."

"I must respectfully point out," my lawyer said, "that my client is not now appearing in public; he is in your office as per your written instructions."

"All right, all right," Mr. Soames replied, rubbing his forehead as if to erase some deep-rooted pain. "He has made his point, and you have made yours. All that remains is an interview with our psychiatrist. That's required by law. If he agrees that your client is indeed a transvestite, then he will recommend a classification of 4-F and that will be that."

"Thank you," John Showalter replied. "Will I be able to sit in on the interview to ensure that my client's rights are protected?"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Soames answered, "that is impossible. It's a matter of professional ethics that the doctor be alone with those he interviews so that the interviewee feel completely free to answer his questions. In any case, your client's rights are not in any danger, as you will be permitted to review the doctor's notes if you feel it necessary. The doctor is an eminent local psychiatrist whose concern is with the proper classification of your client for his own good and for that of the armed services."

"All right," my lawyer replied. "I will consent to his being examined under those conditions."

The psychiatrist's office was a haven of quiet in the noisy madhouse of the selective service center. The doctor himself was not what I was expecting. He did not speak with a Viennese accent; he was not elderly; he didn't even have a beard. He was a very ordinary appearing man in his early forties who looked as if he were bored with his part-time stint examining draftees and would-be non-draftees. Until he saw me, that is.

"What have we here?" he inquired of the cute receptionist who had accompanied me to his office. "Does this young lady wish to be drafted?"

The receptionist almost giggled at the very idea. She squeezed my hand in a friendly way as if to wish me luck and said: "No, Dr. Latham. This young man wishes to register for the draft and claim expemption on the grounds that he is a transvestite."

"This young lady is really a young man?" the doctor inquired incredulously. "I find that difficult to believe."

"Well, it's true nonetheless," I put in, using as masculine a voice as I could muster up. "Shall we get on with the interview, please?" Then, turning to the receptionist, I said, "Thank you, Miss ... Miss ...."

"Miss Petersen ... Ellen Petersen," she replied, smiling a dazzling smile.

"Thank you, Miss Petersen, for being so helpful and understanding," I said, not letting go of her hand for a moment. She was beginning to really turn me on. "Will I see you again?"

"Yes, on your way out there will be some papers to sign. Your lawyer is to be looking them over and helping me fill them out."

"Pardon me for intruding," the psychiatrist broke in with a touch of irony in his voice, "but we have an interview to get started on."

Reluctantly, I let go of Miss Petersen's hand and turned to sit in the chair by the psychiatrist's desk. He started to help me get seated, then checked himself.

"It's uncanny," he said after a moment's thought. "Even though I've been told that you are really a male, your appearance is so convincing that I was almost moved to treat you as a girl and help you to your seat."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I did not intend to embarrass you. I don't even like to be treated with deference just because I appear to be a girl."

"You didn't embarrass me," Dr. Latham replied, a bit defensively. "After all, I'm a professional and supposed to be

immune to embarrassment or discomfiture when dealing with patients."

"I don't think anyone is completely immune to embarrassment, no matter how experienced a professional he may be," I replied. "In any case, one should not be embarrassed about being embarrassed."

"Very well put," the doctor answered. "You seem to have a superior intelligence. Why don't you apply it to some other activity than dressing up and masquerading as a female?"

The question was an attack, but I was aware that Dr. Latham did not mean it as a personal affront, merely as a means of finding out more about me. So I did my best not to sound too defensive.

"I do apply it to other activities," I said evenly. "I have been on the honor roll of my high school for three straight years; I edited the student newspaper and year book; I participated in various political activist movements on campus; and I won letters in track and tennis."

"And you did all these in your male role?" Dr. Latham inquired.

"Certainly," I said. "My cross-dressing is purely a part-time thing, to be practiced when I have nothing more important to do. However, I must do it from time to time. Which is one reason why I wouldn't be fit for duty in one or

another of the armed forces. The need to dress up now and then is quite compelling."

"I see," Dr. Latham said. "Would you really call it a compulsion?"

"Yes, especially in the absence of opportunity to dress up," I answered. "I don't believe I would be capable of serving a two- or three-year hitch in the service without serious psychological consequences. And if I were to give in to the compulsion to cross-dress while in the service, I might very well be found out and given a less-than-honorable discharge."

The remainder of the interview went on pretty much as I expected — standard questions about various aspects of my inner life. But the doctor was saving his best ammunition for last.

"What would you say if I were to put you down in my report as homosexual?" he inquired.

"I would say that it is not true, and that my lawyer would institute legal action to have your report amended or voided as incompetent insofar as that statement is concerned."

"Very interesting," Dr. Latham replied after a moment's reflection. "Do you really prefer to have sex with girls than with boys? Even when you are clad in the clothes of a female and have assumed a total disguise as a female? I find that hard to believe."

"This young lady is really a young man ?" the doctor inquired incredulously. "I find that difficult to believe."
"Well, It's true neverthe less."

"Nonetheless, it is true," I said, as evenly as possible. "I cannot bear the idea of a boy or a man pawing me or touching me sexually in any fashion. It is as simple as that."

"Then why dress up in such a fashion as to excite them or attract them?" the psychiatrist inquired.

"I do not dress up with the intention of attracting or exciting men," I replied after a moment of thought devoted to careful choice of words. "I dress up because I appreciate the beauty of female clothes, the freedom they symbolize to me, and because I tend to idolize women. In one sense, my imitating women is a sincere form of flattery."

Anticipating his next quetion, I went on: "I have never attempted to entice a man to have sex with me; neither have I ever allowed myself to be put in a position where any man would reasonably suggest or expect it; and furthermore, I take every possible precaution to avoid such situations."

"What kind of sex life do you have?" the doctor inquired.

"A reasonably active one," I said. "I have a number of girl friends who know of my cross-dressing and who accept me as a sexual partner in the guise of either a male or a female. In fact, one or two of them prefer me dressed as a female, and they find that my unusual attire is very exciting sexually."

"Don't you think that that smacks of lesbianism?" Dr. Latham queried.

"Whose lesbianism are you referring to?" I shot back. "Mine or theirs?"

"Take your pick," he challenged.

"Well, I am not so learned in these matters," I answered. "But it seems to me that I couldn't very well be a lesbian for that would be a contradiction in terms, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps," Dr. Latham said.

"As for the girls involved, they are under no illusions at all with regard to my true gender," I pointed out. "And if our relations become sexual, the relations are ultimately between a man and a woman — not two women — and involve what our society terms 'normal' behavior, which is to say, a penis entering a vagina."

"Very logically put," he replied.

"Besides," I said, "how many lesbians do you know would be attracted to anyone possessing a penis?"

"Not many. Only if they were truly bisexual, psychologically, that is."

"In any case, what does it matter what labels are put on a person — heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, even male and female. A human being is an individual and his basic human individuality seems to be more important than labels."

"It may surprise you to learn that I agree with you," Dr. Latham said. "I believe that human individuality transcends in importance any labels that man can devise, and I practice psychiatry with that in mind. However, at this moment we are dealing with the military mind — not a very subtle entity at its best — and labels are very important to it. And to you, for you are claiming the label of 'transvestite' to be excused from military duty."

"That's true," I said. "I wish it wasn't necessary, but it is. Actually, I consider it none of their damn business."

"We must all make certain compromises in life," the psychiatrist pointed out. "The trick is to pick and choose what these will be, and do so with great care and discrimination."

"I agree," I said. "By claiming the label of transvestite — which label I am legally and psychologically entitled to — I am able to avoid the necessity of refusing induction on other grounds and going to jail for the privilege or of fleeing from my native land to avoid participating in what I consider an unjust and monstrous war."

"Well," Dr. Latham said, "to tell you the truth, I don't believe in this war either, but I am serving here to make sure that people psychologically unsuited to service aren't forced into it. In a sense, this is consistent with my oath as a physician and my own beliefs."

"I hope that I fit into your idea of psychological unfitness," I said, "for I have no desire to live in Canada. I understand that the laws about transvestism are much tougher up there "

"Well, it seems certain that you are indeed a transvestite," Dr. Latham said. "You fit the textbook profile of the compulsive heterosexual transvestite to a T, except that you do not seem to be a neurotic who is crippled by being a compulsive cross-dresser, like those I see in my practice from time to time."

"I can imagine that the textbook profile of a transvestite is somewhat tinged by the fact that very few healthy transvestites show up in psychiatrists' offices. That fact would tend to give a distorted image of the transvestite, I should think."

"Quite right. You're the first transvestite I've met that I would term 'healthy,' but that's because I'm meeting you in a nontherapeutic capacity," he replied.

"So what happens now?" I inquired.

"You'll have your deferment, all right," said Dr. Latham. "But first there's one small formality. A very brief physical examination." Sensing I was about to protest, he went on to explain more thoroughly. "Don't worry, you won't have to line up with all the other poor souls out there and be poked and pinched and prodded. It's just a

small examination right here in the office to determine absolutely that you are what you say you are."

Was this a ploy on Dr. Latham's part to get me undressed so as to make a pass at me? Stranger things have happened to transvestites, I thought, suspicious of his motives now.

Dr. Latham seemed to sense my reluctance. "You must understand that it would be possible for a young man to be drafted and for his sister then to go to the induction center in his place and claim to be he and a transvestite. The rules are that any transvestite who comes here dressed — and a few have done it over the years — must submit to a superficial examination to prove that they are indeed who they say they are."

"All right," I said, somewhat relieved, "I understand. It's just that I've never undressed before a man."

"Don't worry," he laughed. "We'll have a chaperone present — my nurse, Miss Rigby." Seeing my dubious look at this bit of news, he said, "Miss Rigby has been with me for five years, and nothing seems to shock her. You can count on her being completely objective and professional in her attitude toward you in this situation."

"I guess it'll be all right," I said. "I am used to undressing in front of young ladies. I suppose an older one will be no more frightening. Shall we get on with it?" I urged, feeling a bit fidgety.

My fingers trembled as I started to undo the pink sash of my minidress. I fumbled around for a moment, then Miss Rigby came to my rescue. "Here," she said, "let me do it for you."

Dr. Latham smiled and pushed a button on a console to one side of his desk. In a moment, a stunning young blonde entered the office and looked at him inquisitively.

"This young man is being exempted from the draft on the grounds that he is a transvestite," he said. "As you know, we are required to conduct a brief physical examination to legally determine that he is what he says he is."

"Very well," Miss Rigby replied, then looked at me for the first time. She did a double take and looked again much more closely. "Amazing!" she said. "I never would have guessed he was not a girl."

"Thank you," I said, blushing quite a bit at what I considered high praise.

Miss Rigby smiled and looked into my eyes with her beautiful China-blue eyes, and I felt my knees starting to shake. Her interest in me already seemed a lot more than clinical, but maybe I was just doing some wishful thinking.

My fingers trembled as I started to undo the pink sash of my minidress. I fumbled around for a moment, then Miss Rigby came to my rescue. "Here," she said, "let me do it for you."

I was putty in her hands from that moment on. She took over my disrobing completely, moving around behind me to unzip the white minidress and slip it

down from my shoulder and toward the floor so I could step out of it. Then she was gently lifting the lacy chemise slip from my body and all of a sudden I was standing before the two of them in bra, panties, garterbelt, and stockings.

Naturally, by this time, my masculine symbol was in a state of rampant erection, and it left no doubt as to my true gender as it thrust its salient self against the flimsy yellow lace of my panties. It was a bit embarrassing, I tell you.

"How far do we have to go with this?" I inquired, shivering a bit in the drafty office.

Miss Rigby was removing my bra and revealing my smallish but well-formed breasts. As her fingers accidentally — or on purpose — brushed against the nipples, they became erect. All of which gave me three simultaneous erections.

"Very interesting," Dr. Latham said. "How long have you had the gynecomastia?"

"About five years," I replied.

"You know that it is correctable," he said.

I allowed as how I knew that. "But I'd rather they were left as they are," I said. "They are quite a boon to my cross-dressing. Besides, I have no wish to undergo male hormone therapy or surgery for such a minor matter. My family doctor says they'll probably correct

themselves in a few more years. After all, I'm still only eighteen years old."

"I think we've seen enough," he said to Miss Rigby. "No need to get down to the nitty gritty of things."

Miss Rigby seemed at least a little disappointed that I was to retain the last flimsy shred of modesty. But she started dressing me again, placing the bra around me in its appropraite position and snapping it together in back. She seemed to enjoy adjusting it in the front as well, and I enjoyed it along with her, I may as well admit.

As she slipped the flimsy chemise over my head, Dr. Latham excused himself and went out to file his report with Mr. Soames' office. This gave Miss Rigby an opportunity to get a bit more familiar.

"Say, kid, do you do this very often?" she inquired, giving me a rather bold caress which did not go unappreciated.

"Well," I replied, breathing a bit hard. "Only when I feel like it. Like two or three times a week, maybe." So much for Miss Rigby's professional objectivity, I thought to myself.

"How would you like to get together sometime soon?" she asked, breathing in my ear with her hot sweet breath. "Like maybe tonight, if you've nothing else to do." She tugged my chemise slip into place and stroked my fanny through it.

"I'd love to," I said, very sincerely. "How can we arrange it?"

"That's easy, we'll pick you up at seven p.m. at your house in my car, if that's O.K."

"Who are 'we,'" I inquired warily.

"My girlfriend and I," Miss Rigby said. "You know, the little receptionist out front, Ellen Peterson. She told me how cute you are, but I didn't believe her until I saw you myself."

"Well," I said, my mind reeling with this stroke of good fortune, "I think you both are pretty cute yourselves."

"Thanks," Miss Rigby said. "What do you call yourself when you're dressed this way?"

"Sometimes Roberta, most of the time it's Bobbie for short," I replied. "You can call me anything you wish."

"I used to know a girl whose name was Virginia," Miss Rigby said. "We called her Virgin for short, but not for long."

I chuckled politely at this joke, which was probably a lot older than I.

"My name's Elinor," she said, "but I considered having it changed when the Beatles wrote that cursed song, you know. 'Eleanor Rigby?' I took a lot of kidding in nursing school about that."

"Say, kid, do you do this very often?" She inquired, giving me a rather bold caress which did not go unappreciated.

"I'll bet you did," I said.

The nurse now was helping me into my minidress. She zipped up the back and then put her arms around me and held me close. "I really dig boys dressed as girls — and so does my friend Ellen. I hope you dig girls who dig boys in frillies."

"I certainly do. Nothing queer about old Bobbie!" I replied, laughing.

She released me and then set about tying the pink sash-belt around my waist. This, fortunately, was the innocent scene that greeted Dr. Latham's eyes as he returned to the office.

"Everything all right?" he inquired.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," I said.

"Your deferment is now official, and in a few days you'll receive a draft card. Please do not burn it, as it will read 4-F in the section where it lists your official classification."

"Well, if they change their minds sometime in the future," I said, "they better get it through their heads that the only branch of the service I'd consider is the WACs."

"No danger of that," Dr. Latham chuckled. "You'd put them all to shame as far as good looks go. They might not accept you on the grounds of sexiness."

Miss Rigby chose that moment to give me a big wink, unseen by the doctor, and I almost broke up. Fortunately, my amused expression was taken as a response to the doctor's feeble jokemaking.

"Well, thank you, Dr. Latham," I said, extending my hand. "It was a very interesting interview, and I appreciate your tact and understanding."

Dr. Latham shook my hand. "It was a pleasure, believe me. If any little problems come up for you in the future, please feel free to get in touch with me. I'll do whatever I can to help."

"Thanks," I said. "And thank you, Miss Rigby," I added, turning toward her and winking.

As I left the psychiatrists office to join John Showalter, who was waiting anxiously outside, it occured to me that I had not given Miss Rigby my address and phone number. Then I realized that she could get it from the receptionist, Ellen Petersen, who would have it in her files.

"How did things go?" my lawyer asked as we went out the front door of the selective service center, past the schlunks waiting outside. "You were in with that psychiatrist for a very long time."

"Everything went just fine, sir," I replied. "No problems of any kind. He was very understanding and, as you know, he went along with my request for a deferment. No strings attached."

Dad was waiting for us in the car, and the good news cheered him up considerably.

"I'm so glad for you, Bobbie," he said. "I was afraid they might try to arrest you or something."

"There was no chance of that," I replied, "not with Mr. Showalter there to keep them honest."

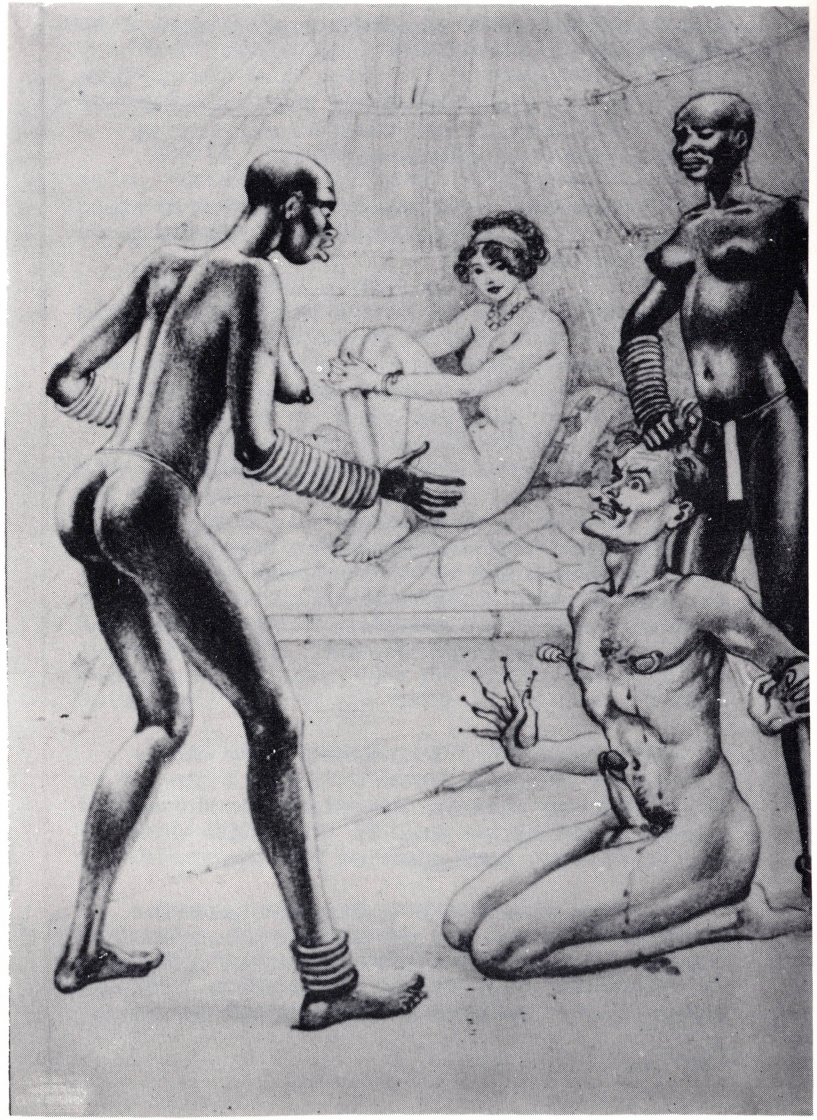
Later on, as we drove home from John Showalter's office, I felt a sense of release and freedom unlike any I'd ever felt before. This draft thing seemed to have been hanging over my head all during my adolescence, and now the big threat was gone, vanished, kaput.

I leaned back against the cushions of the seat and delighted in the wind rustling through my skirts and happily looked forward to the adventures which I would have that evening with my new friends, Ellen Petersen and Elinor Rigby.

□□

That evening, I dressed very carefully for my date, wondering all the time whether or not the girls would actually show up — and if they did show up, what they had planned for me.

I knew there was a certain element of risk in this new adventure, but that merely lent a considerable amount of spice to it. On sober reflection I was quite sure that everything would be OK.



There certainly are girls in this fretful world who enjoy men who take the feminine role as far as dress is concerned. And every indication pointed to the fact that these girls who had befriended me at the induction center were exactly what they claimed to be.

After putting on a fresh garter belt and a new pair of nylons, I stepped into my best pair of light blue panties, which were fashioned out of nylon lace, and then put on a matching blue bra which emphasized my breasts to the maximum.

Then I decided on a white camisole-type midislip which came to just above my knee. The dress I selected was a bit longer than the one I'd worn that morning to my appointment with destiny. It was in a shirtwaist style with full skirt which just covered the frilly lace trim of the camisole slip.

After meticulous redoing of my make-up, I placed a double strand of seed pearls around my throat and hung pearl earrings, each a single pearl, from my ears.

I decided to wear the charm bracelet I'd worn that morning, for it seemed to have brought me good luck. My mother had given it to me on my sixteenth birthday, and I treasured it greatly. I was sure it would continue to bring me good fortune.

Mother came into the room as I was putting finishing touches on my makeup. "You look very nice tonight, my dear," she said, lovingly. "Do you have a date?"

"A couple of girls are coming to pick me up at seven, Mother," I replied. "We'll probably go to a movie and then have a soda somewhere. I'll probably be home by midnight, but don't wait up for me."

"I'm glad that you have such nice friends," Mother said. "They all seem to be so understanding."

"Well," I replied, "I guess they like me for myself, no matter which way I'm dressed. Anyway, it's a lot of fun to go out as just one of the girls."

I'm just as glad Mother didn't know how much fun that could be. While she was pretty liberal in matters of sex, the extent and scope of my sex life in female clothes might surprise her considerably.

Anyway, in our family, a person's sex life was his own business, unless it somehow harmed someone else. Mother was not one to pry, bless her heart. And only rarely did she forget and start treating me like a real daughter, whose technical virginity needed protection.

□□

At seven p.m. sharp, I was waiting on the front porch of our home. A few minutes later, a fairly new Chrysler convertible pulled up the drive, the top down and Ellen and Elinor, looking absolutely fabulous, in the front seat. Elinor was driving.

Ellen got out of the car to let me in, so that I could sit between them, then got back in and closed the door. Mother had come out on the front porch to wave goodbye to us as we pulled out of the driveway.

"Have a good time, Bobbie dear," she said.

"Your mother seems awfully nice," Ellen said.

"She is nice, and very understanding, too," I replied.

"I can see that," Elinor said, turning the big car out into the stream of traffic. "She seems to completely accept your dressing up and going out dressed."

"Well, I guess it all started so long ago that she thinks it was entirely her idea to start me cross-dressing," I said, "but it was as much my idea as hers at the time."

Ellen reached down and patted my nylon-clad knee. "I don't care who takes credit for it; I think it's a lovely pasttime for a young boy."

There was no sarcasm in her voice, and I was thoroughly convinced that she was sincere, and it turned out later on that she meant what she said. I decided to play it casual.

"Oh, well," I said, "everybody should have a hobby!"

The two hands - Ellen's and Elinors - seemed now to be working their way up my nylon clad thighs, one on one side, the other on the other. . . each hand apparently unaware of what the other was doing.

I tried hard not to giggle licentiously, and succeeded.

The girls laughed at my little joke more out of politeness, I thought, than for its own merits. Elinor turned the car out onto a broad boulevard which led out to the outskirts of town.

"I thought we might enjoy a drive-in movie," she said. "There's a nice one a few miles out of town, and they're playing a rather sexy double bill — X-rated and all."

"I don't know," I said, teasing her, "a girl could lose her virginity in a drive-in movie. I understand that they are very erotic places. Lots of heavy breathing going on and all that."

"Well, I can't speak for everybody here in this car," Ellen said, "but Elinor and I haven't enough virginity left to put in your ear. And that's the truth!"

Elinor sped the car up a little in order to lose a carload of young men in the next lane to us who seemed to think they could pick the three of us up. The other car tried to catch up to us, but a big truck pulled over into their lane blocking them, and they lost us completely at the next traffic signal, which they failed to clear in time.

"Seems like the world is full of pimply little adolescents who think they are God's gift to women. When the chips are down, the best they can do is ejaculatio praecox," Elinor commented, her voice scornful.

"Whatever in the world does that mean?" Ellen asked.

"It's psychiatrist jargon," Elinor muttered, "meaning they come too damn quick."

"Oh," Ellen replied, "I'm sorry I asked."

Soon we were at the drive-in movie. As we drove along the ranks of parked cars looking for a reasonably isolated spot to park, I couldn't help noticing that few of the spectators had bothered to haul the speakers into their car. I commented on that to the girls.

"With this kind of movie," Elinor pointed out, "the sound doesn't matter. The whole place turns into a kind of motorized mutual masturbatorium."

"Don't knock it," Ellen commented.

"I'm not knocking it," said Elinor. "In fact, I'm all for it."

On the huge cinemascope screen, the first reel of the first feature, "Minnie's Insatiable Lust," was flickering away and barely visible in the summer evening twilight. But bodies were already to be seen writhing on the screen and off, and the smog-filled air seemed charged with a kind of sensual electricity.

We finally found a parking spot in the last row where the concentration of other parked cars was not too dense. As

"I hope that I fit into your idea of psychological unfitness," I said, for I have no desire to live in Canada."

"Well, it seems certain that you are indeed a transvestite," Dr. Latham said.

she brought the big car to rest, Elinor pushed a button on the dash which activated the cartop-lowering mechanism. The vinyl roof hovered over our heads for a moment, then sank slowly into place where a twist of a knob secured it firmly to the top of the windshield superstructure.

"Okay," Ellen said, "who's going for the popcorn?"

"The hell with the pppcorn," Elinor said. "It's probably soggy anyway. I'd rather sit here and watch Minnie try to have her insatiable lust satiated."

Minnie was trying pretty hard, one had to admit. At the moment on that big screen she was attempting to copulate with two Muscle Beach types who seemed a lot more interested in each other plus a rather weary looking Great Dane dog. It was about as erotic as watching a handball game, and a lot less dramatic.

"They should have rated this picture 'Z'," Elinor commented, "for zero."

"I understand that it lost out in the Academy Awards for Sex Movies to an epic called 'Passion's Playground,'" I put in.

In spite of the absurdity of the skin-flick unfolding on the wide screen before us, we became grudgingly absorbed in the laborious lusts of Minnie, the unsatiated and insatiable heroine.

Before long, I felt a soft hand on my left knee, which hand by its very propinquity I concluded to be Elinor's. I glanced at her. She seemed to be viewing Minnie's cinemascopic gyrations with intense concentration.

On the screen, Minnie seemed to be making lecherous advances toward a Shetland pony, but surely that had to be my imagination.

Now from the other side, I felt another soft hand, this time on my right knee. Ellen, of course. Unless Elinor had managed a much longer reach than I thought possible.

I glanced at Ellen. She too seemed totally focused on the movie screen and absorbed in the nonsense that unfolded there.

My interest in Minnie's lascivious aspirations waned. I decided that for all I cared, Minnie could take on the whole Bronx zoo in one cataclysmic gang-bang if she wanted to. There was a much better show going on in the car.

The two hands — Ellen's and Elinor's — seemed now to be working their way up my nylon clad thighs, one on one side, the other on the other. Individually, they paused to toy with the suspender snaps at my stocking tops, then they foraged upwards toward the lace hem of my panties, one hand still apparently unaware of what the other was doing. I tried hard not to giggle licentiously, and succeeded.

Finally, one of the two hands succeeded in finding its way under the lacy blue panties, and as it foraged about seeking its prey, the other hand (Ellen's) also entered the silken sanctuary of my panties.

By a delightful coincidence, both girls' hands met at their ultimate objective, grasping my male symbol which had been getting tenser and tenser in its nylon lace prison during all this rummaging around under my skirts.

"Fancy meeting you here," Elinor said to Ellen.

"Fancy is the word for it," Ellen replied. "The very word. No other word would do so well to describe it."

Meanwhile, the touch of their hands together on my salient masculinity soon had me writhing in ecstacy. Sensing that things might be approaching climactic heights, the girls eased off on their manipulations of what is euphemistically called my manhood. Finally, they paused entirely, leaving me in a waning state of urgency.

Elinor lit a cigarette and offered one to me, which I declined, since I did not care for smoking anything made out of tobacco. A little pot now and then on rare occasions was fine — much healthier than cancer sticks.

Ellen also did not smoke, as it turned out, so she contented herself with sweet

nibbling of my right earlobe. Nobody had bothered to return the hems of my dress and camisole slip to their previous state of relative respectability, so I sat there with my lacy lingerie on display and my male symbol making an especially brazen display of itself under the soft fabric of my panties.

We sat there, watching Minnie's exotic exploits for the time it took for Elinor to finish her cigarette. It now seemed as if poor Minnie was in imminent danger of being humped by a camel, which I'm sure would prove a heart-rending experience, especially for Minnie.

Elinor stubbed out her cigarette in the dashboard ashtray.

"Let's get down to business," she muttered as she pushed a small switch next to the steering wheel.

I heard a whirring sound and then felt the back of the seat gradually going farther back into a reclining position, so that I was almost lying on my back — as were the two girls, who now shifted so that they were more or less reclining on their side.

Working together, they unbuttoned the front of my shirtwaist, from top to bottom. Somehow I managed to shrug my way out of the confinement of the sleeves so that they could have freer access to whatever delights they were seeking.

Gently, they pushed the straps of

my lacy camisole slip down around my bare shoulders and began working their gentle fingers under the filmy blue lace of my brassiere.

Ellen let out a little gasp as she encountered the fullness of my breasts and the erect little nipples which capped them.

"I can't believe it," she said. "They're absolutely perfect, just as you said they were, Elinor."

"I wouldn't fool you about a thing like that," Elinor said as she ran her hand under thd soft, nearly transparent material covering my other breast.

Soon the brassiere had been discarded entirely, and the two girls had their lovely red lips fastened firmly to my nipples, eliciting sensations that I was familiar with as a result of earlier episodes with other girls. These feelings were somehow removed from the ordinary masculine response to stimulation, since they involved overtones of nurturing and something close to femininity.

As much as I wanted to, I did not reciprocate the girls' caressings at this time, for I felt that it might break the mood of passive delight I was experiencing

My two benefactresses were moaning with pleasure as they kissed and caressed my breasts with one hand each and then used the other to caress my pantied nether

regions, my stockinged legs, my bared thighs.

Finally, Elinor sat up and began unbuttoning her own minidress. "It's awfully warm in here," she commented as she slipped the soft fabric down to reveal magnificent breasts of her own, breasts which were considerably larger than my own.

"What's this?" Ellen laughed. "No bra again?"

"I burned it at last week's Women's Lib meeting," Elinor replied. "Don't you remember, sweetie?"

"That's right," Ellen said. "But it's only supposed to be a symbolic gesture."

"Well, this is no time to be concerned with feminist dialectics," Elinor muttered.

"You're right," Ellen replied. Then, changing the subject, she said, "It really is warm in here." And she began to unzip the front of her minidress.

Her bosom, although more or less fettered by a transparent bra, was no less impressive than Elinor's. Not quite as large, maybe, but equally exquisite.

Elinor reached over, undid the little clasp which held Ellen's brassiere together in front, and released her loveliness from its gentle restraint.

Leaning over me, she allowed one of her nipples to brush my face. Greedily I took it between my red-lipsticked lips and sucked hungrily on it for a while then kissed the soft warm valley between her breasts.

Not to be left out, Elinor leaned over from the other side and dangled one of her glorious breasts close to my face. By merely turning my head from side to side I could feast on one or the other of my benefactresses' breasts.

Occasionally, as I came up for air, I could see that Minnie was still busy with her insatiable lusts, which were now directed toward a whole platoon of Greek soldiers — the kind who wear the silly looking miniskirted uniforms, which make them look like butch ballerinas.

Oh, well, I thought. Minnie has her work cut out for her and I have mine.

By now, Elinor was completely nude, having shucked off her tiny panties to expose her lush charms. Ellen sat back and watched as her friend slowly drew my panties down and exposed my frantic symbol.

"Do you mind if I go first?" Elinor asked of Ellen.

"Be my guest," Ellen said, smiling down at me.

Nobody had asked me, but I piped up

anyway. "I'm not prone to argue," said I. Which was true in more ways than one.

Elinor chuckled, probably more from lust than humor, and then worked her way over on top of me until she was straddling my legs. I sighed with pleasure as my not inconsequential yardarm was engulfed in the sweet warmth of her.

She gripped me with a fantastic set of internal muscles and began to make her delightful moves, while Ellen helped out by caressing first my breasts then Elinor's.

At that moment, Minnie's lusts could not have been more insatiable than mine seemed to be. In a matter of moments, my emotions had reached a state of critical intensity. Elinor must have sensed it, for she eased off ever so slightly to prolong the mounting ecstacy.

Now Ellen was kissing me hotly on the lips, our lip rouge mingling in sweet-scented delight, her pink tongue darting in and out and flicking across mine.

Suddenly, Elinor increased her efforts and I found myself in a maelstrom of emotions and sensations as I came to climax deep within her, while she, in turn, emitted deep throated cries which signaled that she was also in the throes of her own orgasm.

We lay locked together for a little

while, temporarily exhausted from love's labors. Then Elinor kissed me on the lips and rolled back to her side of the car seat.

"Thank you, Bobby dear," she said after a time. "That was exquisite!"

"It certainly was, and it is I who should thank you. You were magnificent!" I felt incredibly grateful to her.

After a little more time during which we all rested from our various exertions, watching more of Minnie's adventures which had now grown too tedious even for description, Ellen reached over, snapped open the glove compartment, and withdrew a small foil packet, which she opened.

It turned out to be one of those little Wash 'n' Dri towelettes, and she used it in a most interesting fashion: to clean up the last lingering traces of Elinor and my performance. The cold touch of that little damp towelette was quite exotic, especially since Ellen was so expert in its use. Nary a fold or crevice escaped her tingling touch.

"Very neat," Elinor said, chuckling.

And it was neat. The little towel's feel against my tenderest flesh caused renewed vigor to course through my symbol, and soon it was in a state resembling a flagstaff once more.

"Look," said Ellen, "this little

character is making a comeback. Do you suppose it's ready for a repeat performance?"

Elinor shrugged. "There's only one reasonable way to find out."

This time, I was allowed to be the more active partner. I eagerly finished stripping the little brunette's remaining clothes off, then I kissed her hungrily all over her delightful breasts. Eventually, I worked my way downward and left faint kiss-marks in some very interesting places.

In a short time, Ellen seemed ready for action. She pulled me over on top of her, spread her legs apart in invitation, and I entered her pulsing sanctuary eager and grateful for the opportunity.

Slowly and expertly I burrowed deep within her and made my moves. In a little while she was crying with ecstacy and clutching at my own breasts to urge me on. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Elinor watching us as she smoked one of her accursed cigarettes. She seemed to be breathing hard, too, possibly in an empathic response to our exertions.

Finally, Ellen was experiencing a rapid series of trip-hammer orgasms, and I finally allowed my own to come deep inside her like a bursting star-shell.

Quite some time later, Minnie's lusts having been finally satiated at about the

same time as mine and Ellen's, the two girls and I had repaired to the ladies' room of the drive-in movie to try to restore our makeup and hairdos as well as to perform other much-needed functions.

I must have looked fairly bedraggled as I walked in with Elinor and Ellen, for they hustled me into one of the cubicles for a quick spruce-up of my general appearance, then sent me out to do the finishing touches myself at one of the big mirrors over the washbasins.

A large blonde woman, whose attire and accent testified to the fact that she came from Texas, had witnessed our entrance and my subsequent exit from the cubicle.

"That's better, honey," she said. "Y'all must of had a rough time out theah. You looked as if you'd been rode hard and put away wet."

I chuckled my most feminine chuckle. "You don't know the half of it, ma'am," I said. "You don't know the half of it."

And she didn't, either.

[] THE END []

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